SPOT

AMUSEMENT

ENTERTAINMENT • FUN

10¢

SEPTEMBER

BOSOMS ARE BACK IN STYLE

SEE PAGE 10

SPOT

FRED FELDKAMP—Editor

THE copy of SPOT you hold in your hand is the first issue of a new picture magazine.

SPOT is dedicated to one purpose: the interpretation of entertainment, in all its phases, through interesting pictures and lively, informative captions —for your amusement!

Frankly, we believe we have in the above, a sure-fire publishing policy. We think that you, and almost every American, is interested in entertainment. It is our job to present picture stories concerning this vast field in a way you can't resist, so that you will proffer a dime to your newsdealer on the 15th of each month and say, "Give me a copy of SPOT."

Shutterbugs

Photographs taken exclusively for SPOT by A. Eriss on pages 3-4-5-13-22-23-24-25-26-28-29-30-33-34. Photos for SPOT on page 31 by M. Gramlich. Hollywood photos by SPOT'S staff photographer, Charles Rhodes, on pages 16-17-18.

On the cover—Evonne Kummer, of "American Jubilee." Photo by Murray Korman.

Special pictures by Acme, International, and Wide World.

Published by Country Press, Inc., 22 W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SUCCESS STORY--- Step By Step

Murray and one of the 1,500,000 in a classic pose from one of his creations. This artistic advertising, he believes, helps make America dance-conscious by catching the relaxed spirit of the dance.

● In a dingy little room in Atlanta 25 years ago, Arthur Murray began his career of instructing people what to do with their feet besides resting them on desk tops. His boss was a self-styled Countess who got tired of it all one day and left, leaving young Arthur on his uppers, in the middle of a fast buck and wing. There was nothing else to do but take over the business, which Murray did promptly.

The tycoon of terpsichore began dreaming of the farmers in Georgia who were having trouble making their feet behave, and soon he hit upon the idea of setting up a mail-order dancing school, with the diagrammatic footsteps as illustrations. The idea was an instant success.

The next step (no diagrams needed) was New York, where he opened a one-room studio and started his agricultural technique on the cosmopolites.

Since his Atlanta beginnings, Murray has taught 1,500,000 wallflowers how to get into a conga line. In New York he now has nine floors—out of town there's a Murray studio in every fair-sized town. This year America's Dancing Master estimates he will make half a million dollars.

The routine's the same today, but the clothes are a little different. Murray and an early pupil pose demurely in his first N. Y. base.

The student is tested by Miss Ranys, who determines into how advanced a class the eager neophyte should be placed.

All ages can enjoy dancing with equal relish, Murray claims. His teachers, of whom there are 1,300 in the U. S., are especially patient with backward pupils.

Many feminine pupils bring comfortable dancing shoes and leave them in this rack between lessons.

The dean realizes the average beginner will feel self-conscious. Many of the classes are private.

At frequent intervals delegations from business organizations or clubs arrive to arrange for lessons for the entire group

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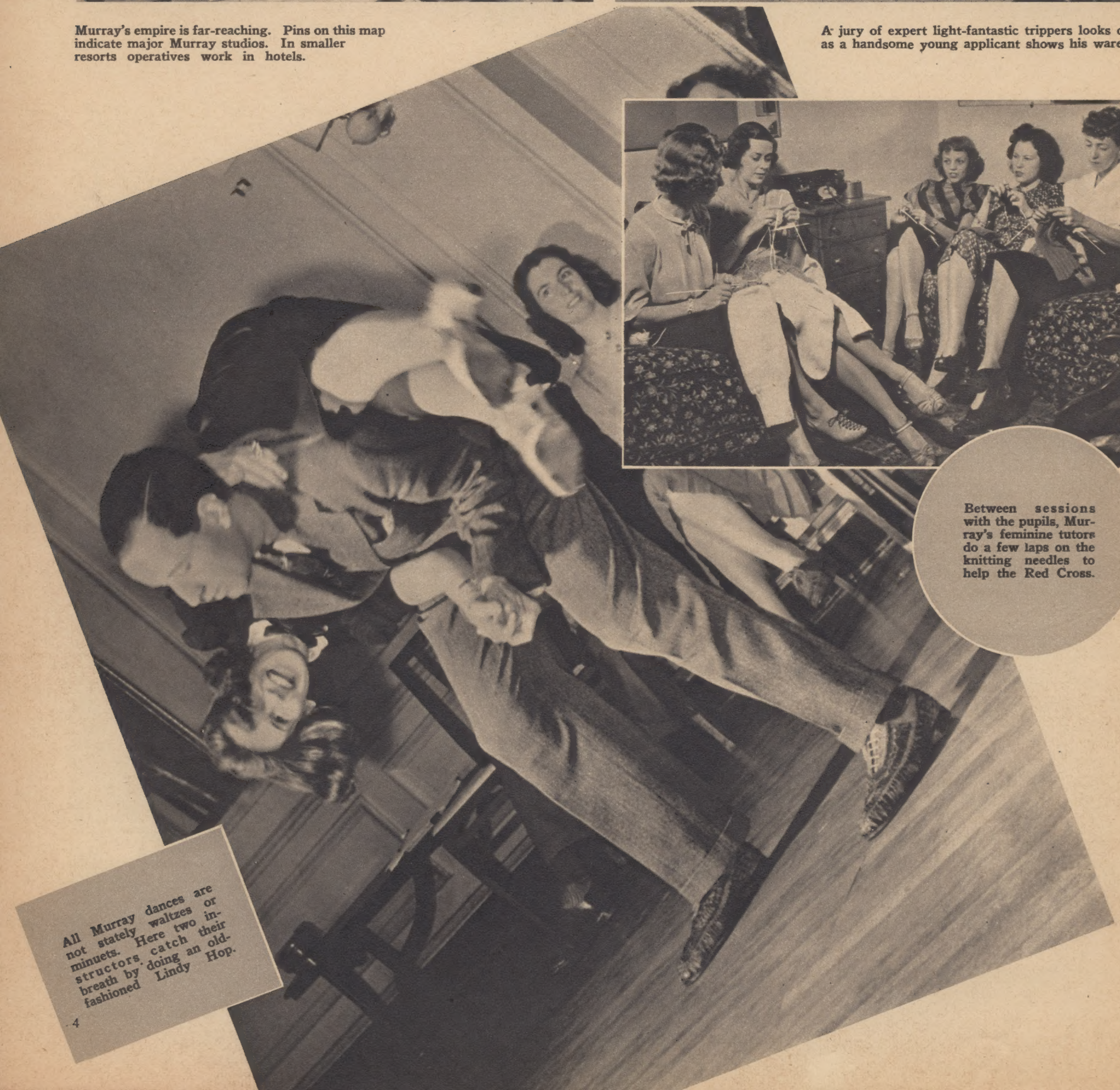
Murray's empire is far-reaching. Pins on this map indicate major Murray studios. In smaller resorts operatives work in hotels.

A jury of expert light-fantastic trippers looks on as a handsome young applicant shows his wares.

Between sessions with the pupils, Murray's feminine tutors do a few laps on the knitting needles to help the Red Cross.

All Murray dances are not stately waltzes or minuets. Here two instructors catch their breath by doing an old-fashioned Lindy Hop.

The Old Master creates many dances of his own. One of the most popular currently is the Swinguette. The first bars are danced in the formal minuet manner . . .

. . . at the shake of a shapely gam the tempo switches to swing, and it's every leg for itself. Finish finds the young lady falling into her escort's arms.

Teachers must know at least 50 dances thoroughly. These future Murray instructors are winding up a six-months' training course, without pay. Above, they relax in the figures of the chicken reel. The old square dance is also returning to popular favor.

The meeting is called to order. Teachers have a conference and start proceedings with a fast conga, led by Cuban Tomaso Salinas. Instructors turn up from all 48 states and, to date, four foreign lands. Salaries range from $25 to $75 weekly.

Every now and then a new student feels embarrassed about the idea of having to take dance lessons. For him (it's invariably a man) Mr. Murray has thoughtfully okayed the use of an obscure elevator which deposits our timid soul in the basement. Puzzle is to find the way out through a series of connecting basements and hit the street a block away. Ashmen are helpful if mystified. Teachers must be amateur psychologists, too. Shy students like this man are the exception; any embarrassment is usually worked off during the first lesson. Unembarrassed pupils include Irene Rich, Stark Young, Paul Whiteman, Walter O'Keefe, Al Smith, and Sonja Henie.

SMALL TOWN

Almost every able-bodied citizen takes some part in the Gainesville circus. Typical performer: Ernestine Kaps, high school girl, who slides for life.

● The circus never has "come to town" in Gainesville, Texas. Gainesville has a circus of its own.

With all the fervor of the citizens of Oberammergau putting on a Passion Play, the bankers, bakers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, preachers and school children of the little Texas town turn out in a body once a year to put on a big top show that has professional showmen green with jealousy. With performers, all amateurs, ranging in age from 4 to 68, the Gainesville spectacle plays to approximately half-a-million customers yearly, visits towns throughout the Southwest and has transformed Gainesville from a debt-ridden village into a thriving city.

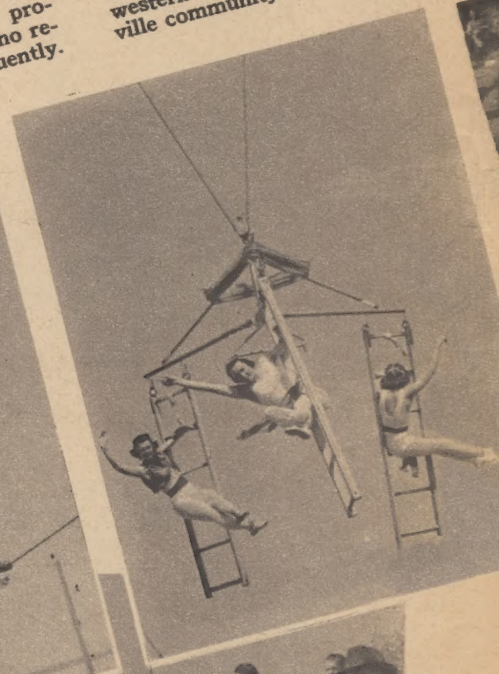
Begun in 1929 at the suggestion of Editor A. Morton Smith, who figured it would be a good way to raise money for the financially faltering Little Theatre of Gainesville, the amateur circus now has most of its able-bodied population practicing wire-walking, nip-ups, giant swings and tumbling, and every animal in town, from alley cats to trained pigeons, is able at the flick of a finger to stand on its hands or jump through hoops. The Little Theatre has been abandoned.

Dry-cleaning worker Portis Sims puts his young daughter through their tight-wire act. They're trained by professional coaches, who rehearse them frequently.

A high school girl, a WPA worker, and a lab assistant, below right, execute a few aerial stunts. Later, they'll tour the Southern and Southwestern towns with the Gainesville community extravaganza.

Executive Arthur Lanford, above, holds Juanita Bailey for a camera shot. They've been practicing these routines all through the winter.

Non-Oriental Oriental dancers, Helen Ryan and Jane Sims double back to their high school classes.



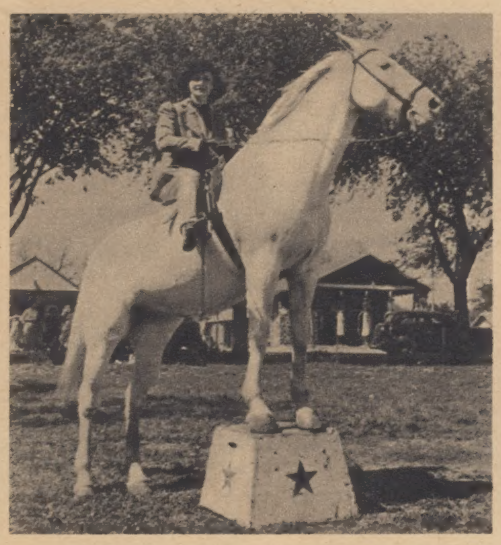
Dress rehearsal and excitement mounts! An entire town girds for the great show for which it has been practicing.

BIG TOP

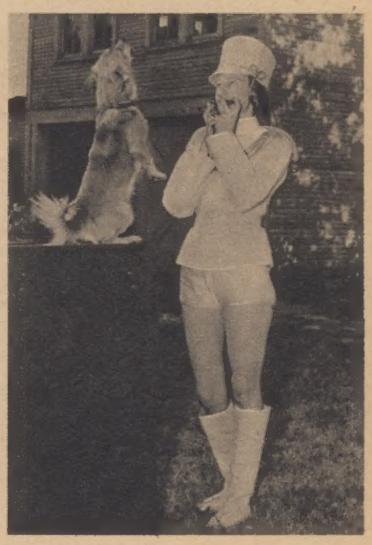
Make-up time, and stenographers, housewives and schoolgirls don grease paint. The entire cast gets no pay.

A behind-the-scenes interlude in Gainesville with the butcher, the baker, and the dressmaker. The conversation? Well, small-town gossip, but mostly—circus.

Tumbling has induced Gainesville's citizens to become ideal physical specimens, as each citizen vies for a spot in the circus.



Mabel Cunningham, a Gainesville modiste, is queen of equestriennes in the sawdust show.



Mrs. Geraldine Murrell is a housewife. She rehearses her dog.

MATINEE IDOL

● Into the offices of Dwight Deere Wiman, theatrical producer, last winter flipped a young, aspiring actor who succeeded in wangling a small part for himself in the musical show "Higher and Higher." An accomplished trouper, Sharkey—that's his stage name—mastered his part with ease. But to the rest of the cast, he seemed a fairly unimportant member.

Then came opening night. To everyone's surprise, Sharkey turned out to be the hit of the show. The critics used their flossiest superlatives not on the performances of the stars whose names were in lights—Jack Haley and Shirley Ross—but on our sleek, young friend at the left. There even were those who predicted a great future for him—if he could withstand the blandishments of Hollywood. These candid pictures of the new star were made during the course of one of his triumphal performances.

Sharkey, Broadway's newest glamour boy, proves at left that he's mastered the hardest trick a seal can learn—clapping hands. And, like all good actors on Broadway and off, he claps for himself.

Sharkey even has a stand-in, an accepted mark of theatrical success. Having a luncheon date at Sardi's with Jack Haley and Shirley Ross, Sharkey sent his stand-in, a guy named Ted, who looks a bit bored with the life of a celebrity.

Haley, Miss Ross and Marta Eggert, Sharkey's co-stars, lunching with Ted at Sardi's. Later, Sharkey issued a manifesto stating that attendance at the luncheon would have prevented his giving a good performance at the matinee.

Backstage, Sharkey, with his trainer, Mark Huling—an old Ringling Bros. & Barnum-Bailey man—awaits the seal's entrance cue. Between the acts, Huling teaches Sharkey new stunts, which the John Barrymore of sealdom is not averse to using.

This is Sharkey's big scene in "Higher and Higher." Haley and Lee Dixon, discussing the mysterious way Haley's banana keeps disappearing, decide the house is haunted. The "ghost" is Sharkey who flips on and off-stage in double-quick time.

OF THE YEAR

SPOT LIGHT ON BROADWAY

Another one of the seal's dramatic moments is the one in which he gooses the scared Haley. Sharkey was too embarrassed to pose for this one, though, evidently believing his public might not understand his appearance in such an act. The above is a composite photo of the stunt—and we hope Sharkey won't mind our tipping off his coming public.

Yes, Sharkey gives his autograph! Jane Ball, from his home town, Kingston, N. Y., gets one of his rubber-stamp signatures. At left is the fancy autograph he gave us.

Another difficult trick not in Sharkey's present show is this glass-balancing act, which he learned at Huling's institution of learning.

BOSOMS ARE BACK IN STYLE

Elisabeth of France, the Duchess of Parme, was one of the favorites of the court during the Marie Antoinette era. The neckline would be considered very fashionable today.

At left, Patricia Morison, with Lee Bowman, represents Hollywood's pre-French Revolutionary style. Were Ann Sothern, above, to attend one of Marie Antoinette's court balls, she would be suitably dressed as she appears here in Hollywood in the 20th century dining with husband Roger Pryor at Ciro's.

George Raft, below, scans the menu as Norma Shearer, very correctly attired, decides what would be tasty.

● History's most luxuriant periods were marked by the significant sameness of one aspect of woman's attire—the low neckline. Flounces, frills, ruffles and furbelows changed in popular favor from time to time, but one point never was overlooked; the gowns, in these periods, all were of the decollete variety, which Webster describes as "leaving the neck and shoulders uncovered." Many designers went Webster one better, however, and uncovered a little extra space below the neck.

The burgeoning bust was started by the Greeks who began defying convention and wearing tunics which hung loosely off the shoulders, and later, the Romans, too, became enthusiastic. In the early 18th century, Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette took the lead in this fashion, and like pouter pigeons, succeeded in bunching their contours by energetic lacing. Victorian, Gibson and Prohibition gals were against bosoms, and, in 1920, with no incentive toward which to work, our ladies developed flat-chested, boyish figures. The wheel of fashion is turning now, though, and necklines are moving downward again, indicating another completed cycle in the history of dress.

It wouldn't do for an Oomph Girl not to be up-to-the-minute and on the alert for any new trend. The current mode is a natural for Ann Sheridan.

Helen Gilbert, right, who started as a schoolteacher in an Andy Hardy feature, hasn't allowed it to affect her gown.

Norma Shearer deserts the trend for the moment, but not Paulette Goddard.

Marie Wilson, center, who plays dumb blonde parts on the screen, seems decidedly bright in choosing a Nell Gwynn-type creation, as she watches the show at Hollywood's Torch Club.

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Pat Day and Margaret Roach, busy watching Rudy Vallee struggle with the wine bottle cork, are set off to their best advantage by severe black, low-cut gowns.

Empress Eugenie had nothing on Virginia Field, pretty Hollywood starlet, pictured here collecting a Red Cross contribution from Doug and Mrs. Fairbanks.

The low-bodice gown is a favorite at formal parties, such as the one which Anna Neagle is attending celebrating the birthdays of May Robson and Herbert Wilcox.

The Greek-Roman-French style proves much more becoming to Margaret Lindsay than she'd look in a Gibson Girl frock or in an early Elizabethan court number.

This modern French miss, Simone Simon, seems perfectly at home in the costume of her foremothers. Designers often achieve a new high—or low—in decollete dresses.

Myrna Loy prefers the strapless brand—extremely smart, but is recommended only to adventuresome girls. This is just an evening dress version of Hollywood's sarong.

PLAYING THE 19TH HOLE

"A slice is the duffer's biggest enemy," Ciuci, above right, explains. "Because his ball is never straight, the course is longer and he uses too many strokes to reach the green. Yet, a slice is easy to correct. I'll show you how . . ."

"You can take your choice in the matter of grip," Al says. "Personally, I prefer the interlocking to the overlapping. It's the position of the club head at impact that counts."

● Al Ciuci, not yet forty, has been a golf pro for twenty years, and is famous for his 19th hole lessons at the Fresh Meadow Country Club, Flushing, Long Island. The 19th hole, for the uninformed, is the locker room where divot debators anguish over mistakes of the round just completed.

Such a locker room lesson as SPOT portrays on this page may take ten strokes from a duffer's game, simply by teaching him how to hit the ball straight, or with a slight hook that is under control and gets maximum distance.

If you follow Ciuci's advice you will note an immediate improvement in your score, but to insure that you will consistently hit a straight ball it will be necessary that you keep these tips in mind when addressing the ball—and that you practice.

Notice club face below left. It is closed as compared to open-face at right below. Keep club face pointing upward on back-swing, not as at right, in same direction as player.

Below at left Ciuci shows the typical upright position of the "swinger" whose left dominates the swing, and at the right the "hitter" who lets his right do the work. Either method can be very effective, and while style at left is more orthodox, Ciuci suggests you use the one that suits you best.

Ciuci illustrates the wrist turn, above left, which indicates the start of an open-face swing, and a probable slice. Keep thumb of right hand well over, as at right, in the back-swing and the club face will stay closed.

SPOTLIGHT ON HOLLYWOOD

LOOK WHO'S WATCHING THE Birdie!

Movie Stars Pose for the Family Album

● There's a little bit of Coney Island in all of us. Any four-for-a-dime tintype taker at Hollywood's various amusement parks can tell you there isn't an easier person in the world to photograph than a big-name film star. The high-paid screen darlings, who fume at studio cameramen over "better sides," "camera angles" and long hours before the lens, like nothing better than a busman's holiday at the photomaton where they can let down their hair, mug to their heart's content and pose for shots that would have the artistic studio cinematographers screaming in pain.

The picture people really let go at places like the Sheldon Camera Shop, in Ocean Park, or at Venice Amusement Park, and studio big-wigs are kept in constant anguish as they attempt to keep the resultant "art" from falling into the hands of newspapers and magazines. No effort was spared to prevent the neighborhood photos on these pages from reaching the public, but SPOT presents them to you proudly, believing they will do more than any feature story to prove that your celluloid heroes and heroines are human after all.

"Take your pitcher, lady?" Bill Lundigan hadn't had enough posing on "The Sea Hawk" set; he takes Margaret Lindsay to a concession for some real mugging. Miss Lindsay seems to prefer the carousel or some pink lemonade.

The picture the magazines fought to buy! In the photographic jail at Ocean Park sulk Lee Bowman, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon, Gary Cooper, and sad David Niven.

On the walls at Sheldon's, at Ocean Park, the visitor frequently comes upon the ashes of an old romance. This comedy shot of Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane was taken several years ago, when the columns buzzed with rumors.

Another Ocean Park memoir is the carefree snap of Dave Rose and Martha Raye, taken last year before their divorce. Photographer Sheldon takes as much pride in photos like these as he would of the most artistic picture in the world.

One of the most valuable shots in Hollywood! Hedy Lamarr puts aside that veil of glamour. With England's Reginald Gardiner, normally a comic, she puts accent on fun at Ocean Park.

Hillbillies on a toot? Hardly—it's Jeffrey Lynn and Gale Page at Ocean Park. They'd scream bloody murder at a studio cameraman if he tried to take as unflattering a still as this one.

Ah, travellers! And going nowhere in a hurry. It's Rita Hayworth, Jean Sablon, and Dixie Dunbar, posing proudly at Ocean Park and not giving a hoot for lights or angles.

Everything goes at Ocean Park, even an actor's pent-up penchant for "ham." Eddie Albert, who scorns the underacting school of dramatics, shows how to make love to Gene Tierney for a picture-postcard shot.

A perfect pose for the family Bible. Losing the argument, Margaret Lindsay succumbs to Bill Lundigan's salestalk and sits for a sample tintype. What do you say; how about loosening up a bit?

There, that's better! Now, Miss Lindsay, which one of these would you like to have enlarged for the folks?

SPOT LIGHT ON HOLLYWOOD

CLUB

No Man's Land! The Hollywood Studio Club, which has housed 2,000 girls seeking movie fame. Its 67 bedrooms were outfitted by donations from stars.

In her $13-a-week room with shower, Colleen Carter hurries through her bath preparatory to a day's work.

Starlet Mary Anderson rushes to beat the breakfast deadline (last call 9 a. m.), while roommate Sally Cairns sets herself up. Both work for Warners. Girls get 3 towels weekly.

Big event in the lives of club cuties is the Club Revue, attended by successful graduates of the club and stars. Colleen Carter rehearses Mary Anderson, Cherie Overton and Sally Cairns for their roles.

Clubbers visit the scales as often as a Wall Street plunger does his ticker. It's their business barometer.

While flimsies are rinsed out in the girls' rooms, 10 washtubs and ironing boards in the club basement enable all girls to do their own slaving at the tubs.

Ten newspapers a day are provided in the club lounge, and all are read avidly. Informality is the note in this breakfast recess, as the girls relax before scattering to their jobs. Smoking is permitted here and in their rooms.

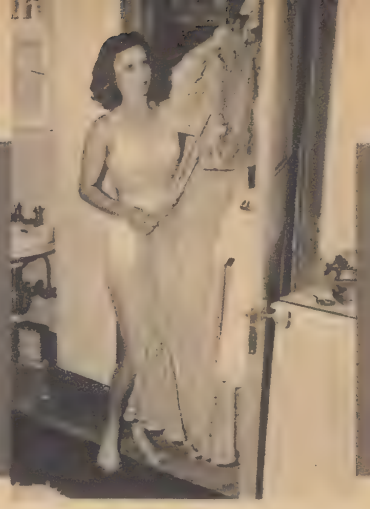
Sundays and days off provide a welcome chance for sun bathing on the club's roof, which is high enough to permit complete nudity—when photographers from SPOT aren't within range.

Linda Darnell, an old grad who came to the screen as a contest winner, is greeted warmly by the assistant club supervisor.

Miss Darnell, with a group of Studio Clubbers, has dinner of chicken gumbo soup, roast lamb, peas, carrots and potatoes, curried rice, pineapple salad and a choice of 4 desserts.

FOR Cuties

Armed with a job as a secretary to a radio executive, Betty Bond signs for a room at the club.



Columbia Studios has called Madelon Grayson for a night club scene, so it's a quick change.

● In a palatial purgatory adjacent to the heaven that is Hollywood, approximately one hundred lovely cuties will slip to their knees tonight and pray that tomorrow may be their day to cross the celluloid Jordan. The one hundred are members of the Hollywood Studio Club, a sheltering way station for aspiring movie actresses travelling the road toward fame.

Conceived in 1916, the Studio Club owes its present velvet surroundings to the generosity of big-name film stars and producing companies, who apparently looked forward to the day when a successful actress could receive the press without describing the horror of her early days in poverty. Starlet graduates of the Studio Club include such comers as Linda Darnell, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dorothy Jordan, Virginia Sale, and ZaSu Pitts.

Residents of the Club need not necessarily be candidates for movie roles, but must be connected with the arts in some way. Ninety percent work in the studios, as designers or stand-ins. The other ten percent are models, painters, embryo sculptresses. All are between the ages of 18 and 35; all must have jobs when admitted. Ten percent are married (husbands live out of town), ten percent are divorced, the rest were single up to press time.

Breakfast, above, is eaten on the run. It can be obtained from 7:15 to 9, and, if eaten in bed, costs 25c extra unless a gal is sick.

Coming from 48 states and 20 foreign nations—many of them cold and sunless—the girls are devoted to the California sun.

The roof garden has facilities for shuffleboard, a popular pastime. Games, radios, and typewriters must cease at 10:30 p. m., though the girls may stay up as late as they wish.

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Satisfied that the "old school" is being run efficiently, Alumna Darnell says an early good night. Visitors, including boys, may hang around the club until 1 a. m., so long as they stick to the lower floor.

No college sorority has more interest in dates than have the girls of the studio club, the evening hours getting a big romantic play. Most cuties step out, though they may have their boy friends in. On dates off the reservation, there are few rules. Girls may go out as often as they wish and stay later. The club doors are closed at 1 a. m., however, late comers being forced to ring the night bell. Sally Cairns gives boy friend Tom Piper a quick kiss as they arrive at the club door.

Off with the telltale lipstick, then into the club for Sally before the door is locked. Few girls are late.

There's no good-night kiss for "Dink" Freeman, though! Rose Altos gives "Dink" a brush-off.

But it's too late! The latch is on, and Sally has to ring the bell.

Mary pleads a wrenched back from dancing, bringing an oil rub from Sally.

The girls' average of three dates a week takes its toll next morning. Sally Cairns stretches her way back to wakefulness, as Colleen Carter resurrects Mary Anderson in an attempt to get them all down to breakfast on time.

SPOTLIGHT ON HOLLYWOOD

Big Boy Williams, in the fore, is the Babe Ruth of Hollywood polo. Rated at 5 goals, he is the best player there.

HOLLYWOOD'S POLO TEAM— The Worst in the World

• The best and worst of polo is to be found on the West Coast. In places like Santa Barbara and Del Monte, the game is strictly big league, with the cream of the nation's mallet-swingers strutting their stuff. But, in near-by Hollywood, where the hard-riding screen dandies belabor the game, polo experts have been known to shudder at the carnage before them. True, there are some good Hollywood polo players. Big Boy Williams, Tim Holt (Jack's son), Bob Stack, Paul Kelly and Charlie Farrell need make no apologies for their work in the saddle, and Walt Disney shows promise. But Buddy Rogers, Leslie Howard, Darryl Zanuck, Frank Borzage, Mike Curtiz and Walter Wanger, for all their youthful enthusiasm, are said to be in there only for the ride, and their stickwork has even the horses answering neigh.

Frank Borzage, able director, genuine good fellow and bad poloist. Hollywood says he's done a lot for polo—but off the field. Left, Tim Holt, one of the best. He's rated at 4 goals.

Darryl Zanuck, shown above, is a good horseman but has no feeling for polo.

Director Mike Curtiz. Hollywood says, "Everyone likes Mike but nobody likes his polo."

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Succumbing to the derring-do of polo some years ago, Robert Montgomery went at it in a big way. But it was no dice. Bob still is a fine actor.

A fine athlete and a good horseman, Charlie Farrell's main weakness is his teammates. Some of them would cripple an internationalist, but Charlie is patient.

Taking up the game after his marriage to Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers benefits by the fine string of ponies given him by his wife. But he took up the game too late in life, plugs at it persistently and still is described as "a sad spectacle in a polo match." He *looks* good, doesn't he?

Spencer Tracy's studio grounded him months ago, forbidding him to take his mallet out of moth balls. But, though a game guy and a good rider, Spence, left, ends up like this, being ridden off by Bobby Stack, an expert.

Oh, well! He figures tomorrow's another day. Maybe he'll catch on to this then. Let Mrs. Tracy do the honors; she's one of the best women players in the game!

SPOT LIGHT ON FUN

SPOT introduces the photo-cartoon. They're gags—don't look for anything else. We hope you think they're funny.

"Take off *what* white bathing suit?"

"Take Miss Winn off the office payroll and put her on my expense account"

"It's a tough audience here, kid. Maybe you'd better break a shoulder strap"

"Sorry, Joe, but we won't be over. The wife says she hasn't a thing to wear"

AMATEUR NIGHT IN HARLEM

A few white fans make the trip uptown, but the audience is almost solidly composed of musically-minded colored folks.

● Long before Major Bowes decided that what America needed was a good dose of non-professional entertainers, Amateur Night was an institution in certain neighborhood theatres throughout the country. For the past 22 years, New York's Harlem has had its own Amateur Night—for the last seven years at the Apollo Theatre, on 125th Street, where it came into its own. Each Wednesday, the hour-long parade of untried colored talent is broadcast over WMCA, New York, and a chain of stations which carry the program as far west as Omaha, south to Virginia, and into New England. The performers are mostly local, but occasionally contestants show up from Boston, Pittsburgh, and even St. Louis. Amateur Night in Harlem has been on the air for 382 consecutive weeks, and, in spite of tough competition from hot spots, is Harlem's most colorful show.

Backstage, the amateurs wait their turn quietly. Very few show signs of stage-fright, and, once onstage, all seem fairly confident—even the out-and-out bad ones.

Performers are backed up by whatever band heads the stage show—Duke Ellington, Count Basie, or another top colored orchestra. But if the amateur isn't up to par, fans start lusty booing within fifteen seconds.

When the catcalls get loud, a stagehand called Porto Rico, shown about to enter, comes on and "shoots" the offender off.

Amateurs rub a "wishing tree" trunk for luck before doing their number. Ballads are the customary choices.

Spectators get in the mood right from the start, shout encouragement, and twist rhythmically in their seats. When the performer is good, applause is generous.

And here is Porto Rico's first call to service. He comes "truckin" onstage and fires. Master of Ceremonies, left, is Willie Bryant, popular, witty Harlem favorite.

When a performer finishes his number without getting the gun, he must "truck" off. Ella Fitzgerald, and Kenny, of the Ink Spots, were discovered at Amateur Night.

For weird get-ups like this, Porto has a pretty colored gal to help him dress. This is his favorite ensemble.

Whenever he comes onstage Porto Rico wears a different costume—each one even more amazing and outlandish than the one before. Porto is obscure but rates as a top-ranking showman.

All during the program, Porto (Norman Miller) lurks in the wings. Performer here was OK, so Porto, in a bright lavender corset, must wait.

After it's all over, the audience picks winners by cheering. First prize is five bucks, second three, and third two.

SPOT LIGHT ON NIGHT LIFE

THE HOUSE THAT

● The biggest thing on Broadway in the way of night clubs at the moment is the Beachcomber operated by Monte Proser, a former press agent. Proser patterned his New York club after the original in Hollywood, appropriated the title, and imported the chef who helped make the West Coast place a success. The Beachcomber is decorated with bamboo and rattan walls, tapa cloth, fish nets, South Sea grass, coconut trees, and cigarette girls wearing two-piece sarongs.

Its current rage, however, is due almost entirely to a tall rum drink selling for a dollar and a quarter called the Zombie. It's an importation

No. 1 Boy around the Beachcomber is Ching, who greets visitors from his seat on the floor at the entrance, where he smokes cigars, eats dinner, and watches Isabelle, his favorite cigarette girl, slither by.

Sam Levene, one of the original Three Men On A Horse, is torn between joining Elspeth Eric inside or checking himself with his hat.

This bar patron is keeping a very good grip on the situation and enjoying the show at the same time.

Bob Wilcox measures a Zombie for Martha Raye before they get down to the business of drinking them. Ah, ah! Only two each.

ZOMBIES BUILT

from Haiti—and eighteen different people have taken credit for introducing it to the American night club patrons. Proser refuses to get into this scuffle, but contents himself with claiming that he has popularized it to its present high position.

These are the ingredients that go into each Zombie at the Beachcomber: the juice of a lime, 1 bar spoon of brown sugar, ¾ ounce of white Cuban rum, ¾ ounce of dark Cuban rum, ¾ ounce of 90 proof rum, 1 ounce of 151 proof rum, 1 bar spoon of passion fruit. The alcoholic content of the drink, according to the management, is almost the equivalent of a half-pint of straight gin.

Customers easily frightened by Zombies may order a Cobra's Fang, Missionary's Downfall, Skull-and-Bones, Fog Cutter, Puka Puka Punch, Mexiconga, Kona Koffee Grog, Martinique Swizzle, Earthquake, El Diablo, or a Pi-Yi. Picturesque dishes for anyone who can eat include a Cha Sin Ten Dao Dun (an omelet), and Nga Choy Chew Yuk (known around the hamburger huts as bean sprouts with pork). And there's nothing like a bowl of Wonton Soup for that tired Zombie feeling.

Proser's system of knocking out his customers with exotic-sounding drinks is so successful in New York that he has already opened places in Boston, the New York World's Fair, Miami Beach, Chicago. He is currently known in New York night club circles as the last word (Zombie).

Grand Exalted Monte Proser goes over the profits with Ching, who plays a major part in the practical operation of the club. The club is usually jammed.

Whenever too many girls converge on him at once, Ching's wife, also an employee, appears from out of the shadows. All the conveniences of home are Ching's.

Shirley Ross, pictured with her husband, left, has just been asked if she'd tried the Missionary's Downfall. "The *what*?" asks Shirley looking somewhat eager.

Columnists find it a handy hotbed of gossip items. George Ross, left, of the *N. Y. World-Telegram*, and Irving Hoffman, center, of the *Hollywood Reporter*, do a little digging.

Lionel Stander, who has seen many unorthodox congas, watches his partner for symptoms.

During the show Zombie Dancers do modern interpretive congas.

Isabelle asks her customers: "Cigarettes? Leis?" Jimmy Durante jumped more than a foot.

And what could be more in order after a Zombie or two than a gay, swirling conga? Martha and Bob do one of the best of them.

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At the end of a fast Latin dance set, there's nothing like a little gesture of encouragement. Fun is the keyword at the Beachcomber and there's plenty.

Refreshed patrons pause on their way out and sit down to discuss matters with Ching, who is a very congenial listener.

Zombie-drinking customers invariably dance every conga, some in a particularly spectacular fashion.

Bar fans also find the strains of the conga too good for mere listening. That's the nice thing about Proser's place—you can dance anywhere you like.

One guest, having consumed his allotted two Zombies, dons a false beard and orders a third. Tricks like this are not strictly cricket, according to the management.

Up goes the beard (over his eyes) and down goes the drink, as the bartender's suspicions are aroused—but entirely too late. The deed is already done.

Mrs. J. P. McEvoy, wife of the writer, remembers to get the Zombie recipe from Ching before concluding a pleasant evening. Aside to J. P.: Watch your drinks!

LOVE—— YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE!

Relaxation personified! In fact, they're almost falling asleep.

"First loves," below, make both parties proceed warily.

The seashore variety, below, is also slow. Hot sun induces ennui.

Ah, but it's to such masters as these that all romantic neophytes turn for inspiration! This couple sees the opportunity and goes ahead with skill and assurance.

But who can do a better job on a good-bye kiss than a sailor? Here, three sailors, with one left over.

● As the New England Yankee says, sometimes it's too cold to fish, too hot to play football, too wet to play baseball, and too late to go to the movies or a night club. In these moments, the editors of SPOT—in line with their decision to cover all forms of entertainment—suggest a perennial favorite, ROMANCE!

It's never too-anything to pitch woo, and the pictures on this page prove better than all the evidence you can amass that an old-time fade-out still is the best camera angle. Love knows no closed season. It takes only two, there are no lingual restrictions, and participants rarely are sent to the side lines because of age or infirmity.

In this issue, we bring you the summertime, or casual, brand of romance. Later on, we plan to present the fall and winter versions of this popular indoor and outdoor sport, showing where, if at all, subtle changes in manner, technique, or enthusiasm occur. Readers are advised to be on the lookout for *unposed* scoops for this department.

EDDIE ARCARO UP

● Last year Eddie Arcaro, on sitting on the backs of three horses a day for eleven months, pocketed close to 50,000 bucks. To the average office worker toiling toward an executive job, this figure will seem far out of gear for the salary of a slim youth of 24 who never got past first year in high school. According to his employers, Eddie is worth the money. After beginning as a stable boy, Arcaro spent a long period on little-known western tracks. He began hooting home some big winners and, in 1937, became the leading rider on New York tracks. Viewed from the grandstand, Arcaro's job seems colorful and not too hard. Fans see him only crouched over a horse's neck. But this is only a microscopic part of Eddie's day's work. The pictures on these pages present the complete story of a day in the life of one of America's outstanding jockeys.

Six mornings a week Arcaro is out of bed at 5:30. In order to make his weights, he must stick to a very rigid diet. His breakfast, which his wife, Ruth, prepares, consists of a single cup of coffee and an occasional muffin.

Off on a time-trial, Arcaro rides "ace-deuce"—left stirrup longer than right.

Clockers and touts, getting a line on the condition and form of the horses, make up an eager time-trial audience.

Arcaro was driving so hard at the finish that the boy on the lead pony had to pull Eddie's mount up.

Eddie drives up to the Greentree Stable, which has him under contract, at about 6 o'clock in a sleek 1940 LaSalle and steps out looking like an ad for what the well-dressed jockey should wear. Greentree pays Arcaro a thousand a month for first call on his services.

Before 6:30 Arcaro is on his way to the track on one of the horses his employer is grooming for forthcoming stake races. Important horses are apt to be temperamental and usually are led to the track by a lead pony and stable boy.

With the horse blanketed and ready to be led back to the stable, Eddie is ready to warm up a few more, before his first call for the day at the jockey house.

Frequently Arcaro must hit the road, wearing a heavy rubber suit under his clothes. Some jockeys sweat off extra weight in a steam chamber, but roadwork is more effective.

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At 10:30 Arcaro returns to his apartment to catch a cat nap before lunch (thin melba toast and milk). Exercise boy Willie Horn discusses the latest news in the Racing Form with Eddie.

Arcaro must report before 1:00 in the jockey house where he dresses in the silks of the owner of his first mount for the day. The jockeys are friendly and seldom start squabbles.

Arcaro weighs in with racing pad, clothes, boots, and sometimes with horse's blinkers. Holding this equipment, he can make 112 lbs. Most jockeys whip with only one hand, but he uses either.

Jockeys are not allowed to be called to the phone, and if anyone shouts to a jockey during the parade to the post, he is not permitted to answer or even turn his head. Arcaro, center, is up on Corydon, walking to the post for the running of the Withers at Belmont Park.

Eddie kept Corydon up with the leaders throughout and won going away, outdistancing Bimelech and Roman. Corydon paid bettors 87 bucks for 2 and Eddie collected $1,665 (10% of the winner's share plus $25 for riding a winner) for his efforts.

Jockeys are weighed out after a race to make certain that the required weight was carried the full distance. Before they return to the jockey house, 75 yards from the finish, the boys who hadn't worked in that particular race hear the result over the radio.

A sponging helps put him in good spirits, especially on days when the track is muddy. Arcaro spends his evenings quietly playing bridge with other jockeys and their wives, except for an occasional Saturday night club jaunt. Curfew rings on weekday nights at 10 p. m.

A little more shut-eye while waiting for the next race starts Eddie dreaming of whipping home the bang-tails at Hialeah in Miami next winter. Arcaro rarely bets, claiming, "Anybody's a sucker to bet their own money."

SPOT LIGHT ON HOBBIES

SHOOTING NUDES

● Since the days of the daguerreotype, people have had the inclination to record on paper exact pictures of what they saw. With the introduction of the miniature camera for public consumption about ten years ago, enthusiasm among Americans for taking pictures became so universal that photography now ranks among the leading hobbies.

All forms of life interest the candid photographer—from rolling hillsides to artistic studies of nude women. To enable the amateur lensman to get these latter shots for his collection, J. Florian Mitchell, a New York photographer, conducts a class each Monday evening. A nude model is supplied, and Mr. Mitchell offers helpful technical hints. Admission charge is two dollars a person, and only photographers are admitted.

Mr. Mitchell prefaces each session with an appraisal of photographs taken by his followers. The students are keenly interested in this technical study.

Preliminaries are soon dispensed with, and the model mounts the stand and poses in a variety of positions. Models are changed each week, the young lady at the left being Kay Dixon.

Director Mitchell tries to comb the kinks out of Miss Dixon's hair and draws a lusty objection. Students are permitted a say in the posing of the model.

During recess, while the model rests, customers sit on trunks and boxes, when they can't find chairs, and talk about lighting, developing, and other technical points.

As a booster for the bathing suit business, Billy Rose is a one-man blitzkrieg. His shows at New York and San Francisco Fairs are expected to wear out at least 12,000 swimming outfits.

A revival of last year's outstandingly successful New York aquacade, the California show this year stars Johnny Weissmuller and Esther Williams. The Coast show is seen by 2 out of every 5 western fairgoers.

With 4 shows a day, 7 days a week, aquabelles (as girl swimmers are known, boys being aquaguys) have little time to loaf. Yet from May to October the average aquabelle puts on 4 pounds.

The proportion of swimmers to other performers is 1 to 3. They have separate dressing rooms and rarely fraternize, but are friendly.

Californians never having seen an aquacade before, both the audience and these chorus beauties continue to marvel at its splendor and originality.

Each aquacade uses 912 bath towels a day (4 to a person), though the figure jumps to 2,700 on rainy days when everybody gets wet. In California, these girls discard towels for playsuits.

AMERICA'S COLOSSUS OF ROSE

● The Colossus of Rhodes, the 7th Wonder of the World, had nothing on America's own little wonder, the colossus that is Billy Rose. Just as the Rhodesian marvel straddled the harbor of Rhodes, where it was erected as a tribute to the sun, so America's Billy straddles the nation with entertainment, and being the acknowledged dean of outdoor showmanship, he is the modern world's first-string devotee at the altar of Old Sol.

It was back in 1936, in Cleveland, that Billy Rose first hit upon the idea of taking musical comedy for a swim. Watching 8 girls paddling in Lake Erie to the accompaniment of a phonograph, Billy saw the light, and a year later presented his first aquacade at the Great Lakes Exposition. It netted him close to a million bucks. Last year, 5,000,000 customers spent $2,500,000 to see his New York aquacade, netting him another million and convincing Billy that the outdoor life was best after all.

This year, with two successful aquacades—one on each coast—Billy is more than ever convinced that life in the open is the kind that pays dividends, and he plans to take to the air to present a colossal extravaganza of the clouds. He plans to combine his two aquacades for a 24-week, cross-country tour (Sonja Henie style), a project that will require the building of two monster travelling tanks complete with heating and filtering apparatus, stage sets, dressing rooms, electrical units and other equipment, so that while one show is in progress, another is being readied at the next sleeper jump. Staggering to the average intellect, to Billy it's just a show.

Movieman Buster Crabbe, shown scowling at a backstage bridge game, is head man at this year's eastern opus. Like Weissmuller, a former Olympic swimmer and cinematic Tarzan, Crabbe is tremendously popular.

Mrs. Rose, the former Eleanor Holm, still dominates the New York epic and is queen of all water carnivals. The swimsuit she is wearing is just one of the 300 she owns.

Aware of Rose's edict against necking, Joan Vander Veer and Bob Stack just sit and moon.

Dressing-room space for approximately 400 performers is limited at both shows, and, in New York, costume changes are made wherever there's a nook. This candid shot was made at long range.

One girl in four is a college graduate, which accounts for the intellectual curiosity of these New York aquabelles. Note the drying bathing suits.

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Between shows, the New York cast goes—swimming! All were victims of Athlete's Foot last year, but this year the evil was eliminated.

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Featured in the West Coast aquacade, these beauties, left, hope to make the fall cross-country tour.

The gold-costumed finale, for which the San Francisco gal is dressing, right, cost 125,000 bucks.

New York cast members, below, like to feel that they're a big, happy family. Four marriages occurred last year, 1 so far this year.

With a complete hospital, 2 nurses and a doctor at each aquacade, recreational facilities and refreshment booths, backstage life resembles that at a summer camp. These New York aquabelles even snap each other's photos.

Two ping-pong tables, one for the principals and another for the chorus, are in constant use offstage at the New York aquacade. Sun bathing, bridge, and softball (the aquaguys' team plays other Fair shows), also get a big play from the cast.

The curtain goes down on another New York aquacade show, and the cast leaves the stage. Billy estimates that, by the end of the season, 11,000,000 people will have seen both aquacades—or approximately the number who saw "Abie's Irish Rose." The water curtain which closes the show never dampens the audience, even on windy days.

CORNIEST CHEESECAKE OF THE MONTH

Here's a little feature designed to test your skill at puzzles. You might call it a Cheesecake game. The photographs on this page —far from being just another excuse for our running leg art (perish the thought!)—actually are pictures sent around to editors to publicize a) a night club, b) a carnival sideshow, c) the insurance business, d) a new kind of fabric, e) a nudist colony, f) a unit of sun-worshippers and g) a certain world's fair.

Of course, that's what Cheesecake is—leg art sent around to editors to persuade them to publicize roller bearings, wagon tongues, or whatever else happens to be in the picture with the leg art. But sometimes it's a bit difficult to discover just what gadget in the picture the publicity boys ARE trying to publicize—and that's what makes it interesting.

On this page are some Cheesecake shots that, we think, almost completely obscure the real reason for their being taken. The trick is for you readers to put the real reason next to the proper picture. Which pretty leg goes with the night club, for example?

In case it gets too tough, you'll find the answers inverted at the bottom of the page. But no fair peeking!

Now then, what is this lady selling? Is it the world's fair? The new fabric? Or could it possibly be the night club?

The gal in net below *could* be plugging the fabric. Or, for that matter, even the nudist colony. Now, let's see . . .

Ah, an easy one! You'd better give up if you really can't guess this. (Psstt—The gal is Margie Hart!)

You'll never get this one. Off-hand, it looks like an ad for a new butcher shop. But, we're sorry, that isn't it.

Here's the toughest one of the lot. You may as well give up; you won't guess it in a century.

This could be animal, vegetable, or mineral—or maybe even a rabbit farm. But we'll give you a tip —the rabbits are only a blind.

Of course, you can't miss this. Having solved the others, you'll know that this is—but, there! We almost gave it away. You guess.

Answers: 1—The insurance business. 2—Night Club. 3—World's Fair. 4—Carnival sideshow. 5—New fabric. 6—Nudist colony. 7—Sun worshippers.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT *Next Month*

In the October issue of SPOT, we plan to swing right into the task of finding out what makes this country tick from an entertainment standpoint. The United States is dotted with pleasant, thriving little towns which, once a year, find themselves in the national SPOTlight, and SPOT plans to cover these towns in a pictorial series titled "Big City For A Day." Next month, the beam swings first to Pendleton, Oregon, as that town stages its famous annual round-up and rodeo . . . Broadway's noted Diamond Horseshoe, with its lavish spectacle of after-dark entertainment, will be picturized in our SPOTlight on Night Life, and Mary Dowell gives us a preview, at right, of the charms which make the Horseshoe the best show on Broadway . . . The young lady stretched across this page is wearing one of Max Factor, Jr.'s, waterproof, "synthetic skin" bathing suits, which SPOT predicts will be the fashion hit of 1941, and these, too, will be featured in our big October issue . . . Professional models, represented by the young lady above, will find themselves in the SPOTlight as our camera follows them from artist's studio to sculptor's studio . . . plus pertinent information on the men and women for whom they pose. Next SPOT on sale everywhere September 15.